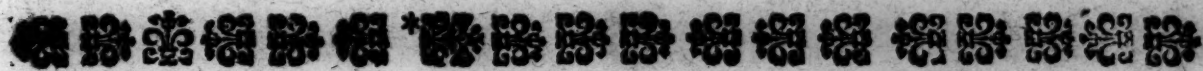


THE
ADDRESS
A
NEW BALLAD.

Tune of, Ye Commons and Peers, &c.



LONDON.

Printed for J. Smith, near the Royal-Exchange.
1727. [Price two Pence.]

NEW BALLAD

Tune of the Commons and Peers, &c.



BELIEVE us, dread Sir,
We come Whip and Spur
To bring you a flaming Address:
With fiery Hornets
Your Borough of Totnes
Their Zeal for your Honour express.

First then we beg Leave,
And earnestly crave,
To shew You how much we detest
The Projects so vain
Of *Philip* of *Spain*,
To disturb Your good Majesty's Rest.

This *Philip*, it seems,
Is forming of Schemes,
Which all the round World will surprize,
With Views to oppress,
And sorely distress
The best of his *Quondam* Allies

But alas! 'tis in vain
For Armada's of *Spain*,
To think they can frighten us *Britons*:
For what can we dread,
When You're at the Head,
And *Bob* at the Tail of the Great Ones?

Your Protestant Zeal
For our Commonweal,
Is such, that You stick at no Pains:
Your *M---st---y* too,
They all are *True Blue*,
Such Blessings are not in all Reigns.

Our County, we ween,
Gave Birth to Two Men,
Great *Churchill*! and renowned *Drake*!
Whose Names still, we trust,
Tho' they're laid in the Dust,
Make *Spain* and the Empire to quake.

[4]

What tho' they are dead,
 Three Men we have bred,
 Who equal these Heroes in Fame!
 Their Courage so great
 Your Foes will defeat,
 And all Your proud Enemies tame.

Still *Hofier* we have,
 And *Wager* the brave;
 At Sea the *Jack Spaniard* will jirk:
 Whilst *Wills*, on dry Land,
 Your Troops shall command,
 And your Faith breaking Enemies fir.

Four Shillingt *Per* Pound
 We'll pay for our Ground
 If any we have to be seen:
 If that's not enough,
 We'll strip into Buff,
 And give you the other Sixteen.

Should *Pretender* come in,
 We'll die like brave Men,
 And each in Piece-meal will be torn,
 Not one he shall find
 Alive left behind,
 To exercise Tyranny o'er.

Full late may you go,
 From Your Crown here below,
 To Heaven, for ever to wear,
 a Diadem bright,
 As Stare in the Night,
 And larger than any by far.

May we never want one,
 Like You, or Your Son,
 To sit on the Throne of this Realm:
 Thrice happy they'll be,
 To live for to see
 Such Princely Folks govern the same.

FINIS.